Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle: O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
That heauens vault should cracke: O, she is gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth: Lend me a looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mist and staine the stone, she then liues.

Kent. Is this the promist end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? *Alb.* Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues, if it be so, it is a chance that do's redeeme all sorrowes that euer I haue felt.

Kent A my good master.

Lear. Prethee away.

Edg. Tis Noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you murdrous traitors all, I might haue saued her, now shees gone for euer: *Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a litle. What ist thou sayst? her voice was euer soft, gentle & low, an excellent thing in women. I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee. *Cap.* Tis true my Lords hee did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I ha seene the day, that with my biting Fauchion I would haue made them skip: I am old now, and these same crosses spoile me. Who are you? Mine eyes are none o'th best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are not you *Kent*?

Kent. The same your seruant *Kent*, wher is your seruāt *Caius*?

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heel strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hether.

Kent. Nor no man else: All's cheereless, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest daughters haue fore-doom'd themselues,

And

And desperately are dead. *Lear.* So I thinke too

Alb. He knowes not what he sees, and vaine it is
That we present vs to him.

Edgar Very bootlesse. *Enter Cap*

Cap: Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb: Thats but a trifle heere: you Lords and Noble frie
know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, sh
applied: for vs we will resigne during the life of this old ma
to him our absolute power, you to your rights with boote
such addition as your honors haue more then merited, al fri
shall taste the wages of their vertue, and all foes the cup of
deseruings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore foole is hangd: no, no life, why sh
a dog, a horse, a rat haue life, and thou no breath at all? O
wilt come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer: pray vndo this but
thanke you sir, O, o, o, o, o.

Edg, He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Lear: Breake heart, I prethe breake.

Edg: Looke vp my Lord.

Kent: Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,
he hates him much, that would vpon the wracke
Of this tough world stretch him out longer.

Edg: O he is gone indeed.

Kent: The wonder is, he hath endured so long,
He but vsurpt his life.

Duke: Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is to generall woe: friends of my soule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the good state sustaine.

Kent: I haue a iourney sir, shortly to go,
My master cals, and I must not say no.

Duke The waight of this sad time we must obay,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The oldest haue borne most, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

FINIS.